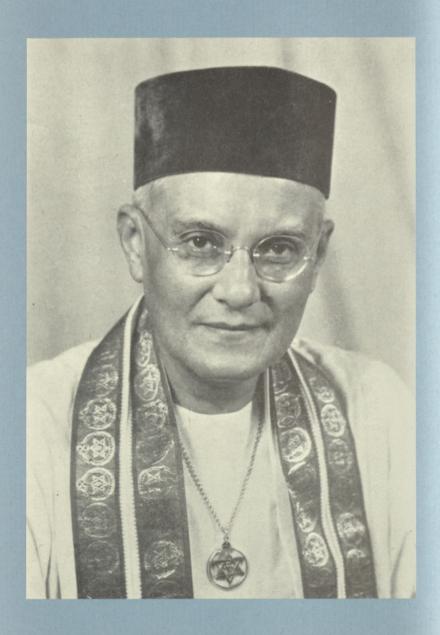
## C. JINARAJADASA

1875 • 1953



"I have fought a good fight":

Brothers, is it not so?

Have I not brought you Light,

And surcease of woe?

"I have run my course":

Not mine the victor's crown.

Spent the speed of the horse,

And the sun goes down.

"I have kept the faith":
Attest it, O Sun!
Through life and through death
To the One, the ONE.

Chicago, 1910.

## THE QUEST

We go to seek the Holy Grail,
My Beloved and I;
As we two longed we heard its call,
We go, or Love will die.

We heard the murmuring forest breeze
Whisper its mystery;
To it a glorious anthem sung
The waves' loud minstrelsy.

Just then we saw one radiant gleam Glow in a mother's breast, Its softened splendour smiled to us Her babe that we caressed.

The dewdrop's heart sent forth a ray,
The daisy flashed it back.
(We heard the whirr of angel wings,
We saw their fiery track!)

In yonder crowded concert hall,

Beethoven showed the way;

Once when the priest the Host upraised—

We two were one that day.

We two will tread the dreary paths
Where men our brothers weep,
My Love and I will weep with them,
Till their tired eyes find sleep.

We two will kneel before the Light, Twin stars that circle round Each other and the Father-Star, By mystic worship bound.

We follow, follow, daily blest,
My Beloved and I,
Let come what may we may not stay,
Or Love itself will die.

Chicago, 1910.

## EPITAPH

Sacred to the memory of

## C. JINARAJADASA

fourth President of
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

who returned to heaven
on June 18, 1953

He loved children, the sea, Beethoven, Wagner's Ring of the Niebelung and his gospel was Ruskin.

